



THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
 Think nae mair on the BRAES of YARROW.
 Where, where gat ye that bonny bride?
 Where, where gat ye that winsome marrow?
 'Twas where I dare nae weel be seen,
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave,
 The birks upon the BRAES of YARROW.
 Why does she weep, thy bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae weel be seen,
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae mair be seen,
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW;
 For she has tint her luvèr dear,
 Her luvèr dear the cause of sorrow,
 And I've slain the comeliest youth
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW.

Why runs thy stream, O YARROW, red?
 Why on thy Braes the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholous weeds,
 Hung on the bonny birks of YARROW?
 What's yonder on the rueful stream?
 What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew,
 Upon the duleful BRAES of YARROW.

Wash ye, O wash his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the BRAES of YARROW.
 Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in wae'ful wise,
 Weep his fate on the BRAES of YARROW.

Curse ye, curse ye his useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His breast upon the BRAES of YARROW!
 Did I not warn thee not to luv'e,
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
 O'er rashly bold a stronger arm
 Thou met'st, upon the BRAES of YARROW.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass,
 Yellow on YARROW's banks the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 And sweet the wave of YARROW flowan.
 Flows YARROW sweet? as sweet flows TWEED,
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair thy luvè,
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
 Though he was weel beluv'd again,
 Than me he never luv'd thee better.
 Busk ye, then busk my bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye my winsome marrow,
 And luv'e me on the banks of Tweed,
 Think nae mair on the BRAES of YARROW.

How can I busk a bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How luv'e thee on the banks of TWEED,
 That slew him on the BRAES of YARROW?
 O YARROW fields, may never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
 For there was basely slain my luvè,
 My luvè, as he'd not been a luvè.

The boy put on his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing;
 Ah! wretched me! I little kend
 He was in these to meet his ruin.
 The boy took out his milk-white steed,
 Unbeedful of my dule and sorrow,
 But ere the toofal of the night,
 Lay slain upon the BRAES of YARROW!

Much I rejoic'd that wae'ful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning,
 But lang ere night, the spear was flown,
 That slew my luvè, and left me mourning!
 What can my barb'rous father do,
 But with unfeeling rage pursue me?
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, cruel man, then woo me?

My happy sisters, in their pride
 With bitter and ungentle scoffin',
 May bid me seek, on YARROW BRAES,
 My luvè nailed in his coffin.
 My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
 And try with threat'ning words to move me;
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed of luvè;
 With bridal sheets my body cover;
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in th' expected husband luvè:
 But who th' expected husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.
 Pale though thou art, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee!
 Yet lie all night between my breasts;
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter!
 And lie all night between my breasts;
 No youth shall ever lie there after.
 Return, return, O mournful bride,
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow;
 Thy luvè heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies slain on the BRAES of YARROW.

The 2 Braes of Yarrow.

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Affettuoso

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Affettuoso'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride, Busk ye, busk ye my
win - some mar - row, Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride, Think
nae mair on the braes of Yar - row. Where where gat ye that
bon-ny bride? Where where gat ye that win - some mar - row
'Twas where I dare nae weel be seen, By the birks on the braes of Yarrow.